

We were fortunate to have moved to Sunset Avenue in 1932.

That night of the hurricane, many of the storekeepers on the south side of Main Street, the Weixlebaums, the Ambrosinos, and Gelston Walter, brought their important papers and cash boxes to our house, because we were the first household not hit by flooding. Many people from Main Street came up to stay at our house. I don't know how Mom managed it, but she could always get more food together, no matter how many people appeared.

It took awhile for us to realize the enormity of the storm and its devastation. Through it all, my grandmother kept saying the rosary, beseeching God's help. He must have been listening, because it's amazing how fast everybody set about cleaning up and repairing, getting back to the normal routine of opening their shops, and doing "business as usual." The greatest thing about the disaster was the helping hand that each person gave the other. The saddest thing was the loss of life.

75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONNECTICUT AIR NATIONAL GUARD

HON. BARBARA B. KENNELLY

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 18, 1998

Mrs. KENNELLY of Connecticut. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 75th Anniversary of the Connecticut Air National Guard, the "Flying Yankees."

Founded on November 1, 1923, the Flying Yankees are the third oldest flying unit in the Air National Guard and have played important roles in many of America's military operations.

During World War II, the unit served as part of the fabled "Flying Tigers" in the China/Burma/India theater of operations. The Flying Yankees also saw action in the Korean War as part of the Air Defense Command. From 1956 to 1971, the wing maintained 24 hour alert status. More recently, their overseas duties have included deployment to Italy and Bosnia to support NATO and United Nations forces in Operations Deny Flight and Decisive Endeavor.

Presently designated as the 103rd Fighter Wing, the unit is stationed at Bradley Air National Guard Base in East Granby, Connecticut. Its primary mission today remains what it was 75 years ago: to provide conventional air-to-ground operations in support of U.S. and Allied ground forces. In addition to its military objectives, the wing also protects the state by preserving peace and public safety and assisting in disaster relief and search and rescue missions. It has also been an active participant in community activities which include sponsoring youth leadership and drug awareness programs.

We in Connecticut are very proud of the Flying Yankees. So is the United States Air Force, which has recognized the unit's preparation and superb accomplishments by designating it as an Outstanding Air Force Unit.

At home or overseas, the Flying Yankees of the Air National Guard have protected democracy, fought for freedom, guaranteed safety, and saved lives. So today, I urge my colleagues to join me not only celebrating the foundation of the "Flying Yankees," but also honoring all those who have served their country and continue to serve in the 103rd Fighter Wing.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. ELLEN O. TAUSCHER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 18, 1998

Mrs. TAUSCHER. Mr. Speaker, last night on recorded vote No. 448, I unavoidably missed the vote on the Kennedy Amendment to H.R. 4569 because my beeper did not go off. Had I been present, I would have voted "aye," consistent with my cosponsorship of H.R. 611, a bill to close the School of the Americas which has graduated many of Latin America's most notorious dictators and human rights violators.

A PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

HON. SAM FARR

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 18, 1998

Mr. FARR of California. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to celebrate the formation of an historical partnership between local government and a non-profit organization resulting in great overall benefits to the community.

On Tuesday, June 30, 1998, I attended a ceremony at which a California municipality, Sand City, and a sheltered workshop for developmentally disabled adults, Gateway Industries, finalized an agreement which will accomplish goals central to each of the organizations. I am pleased to have been a part of crafting this accord. In it, Sand City has given the clientele of Gateway Industries an opportunity to demonstrate their individual strengths and abilities in the mainstream workforce. Gateway Industries will provide the support needed for each of its clients who takes a job in Sand City.

Sand City will employ three individuals with developmental disabilities to help maintain its appearance. Tasks will include litter pickup, graffiti abatement, and general landscaping. The work program will be managed through the Sand City Public Works Department and Sand City Police Department. Gateway will be responsible for pre-employment screening, on-the-job training, and the facilitation of the relationship between employer and new employee.

Not only are Sand City and Gateway Industries stronger for this, but the community benefits as well. It is a win-win-win situation! The program will create a better understanding of the needs of persons with developmental disabilities by city agencies, and by the members of the community at large. The City will improve in overall appearance and the employed Gateway clients will gain job experience, self-work and independence. I commend Sand City Mayor Dave Pendergrass, and Ken Caldwell of Gateway Industries for the vision it took to develop this forward-looking arrangement. I would urge other entities to take note and to follow their excellent lead.

A VILLAGE KID IN THE 1938 HURRICANE

HON. MICHAEL P. FORBES

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 18, 1998

Mr. FORBES. Mr. Speaker, I insert the following:

My recollections of the 1938 Hurricane begin as I attend George Hunt's afternoon chemistry class on the second story of the old Six Corner's School, Westhampton beach. Wilson Eckart and I were at our desks next to the windows on the southeast side of the building. The wind and rain had started and the windows appeared to bend in their frames as the wind increased. The outside brick wall of the addition housing the English class began to sway and we all decided it was quite a blow!

Mr. Hutt soon moved us to desks in the center of the room, where we watched the tin roof from Mechanic's Hall on Mill Road sail across the playground. Elizabeth Parlato Cross was teaching fourth grade in that building at the time.

The roof was soon followed by a group of cherry trees, which appeared to be almost all those north of Main Street. One cherry tree left the others and sailed across the road west of the school, directly through Perry Pike's car parked at Slattery's Garage. Perry announced, "Class dismissed!" He was conducting French classes on the west side of the building.

Edgar J. Brong, the supervising principal, soon evacuated all classes to the gymnasium on the lower level. As the science class filed past the English room, the brick structure began to crumble. The door frame was about to give way, but Wilson Eckart held it fast as Lillian Roos, the English teacher got out, being the last to leave. There was no panic. All of us had seen many a September "line storm," and many of us had gone with our parents to sandbag the dunes when the ocean had broken through.

The students were warned to stay in the gym until all parents could be contacted, or other transportation provided. The danger of fallen wires was stressed. Some students heeded the warnings, others did not. However, everybody apparently arrived safely wherever they were headed. I rode home with Nonie Van Cott (Allen) and her father, Cliff Van Cott, of the Southampton Town Police.

My home was located on Library Avenue, South of Main Street, where the Grimshaw and Palmer Hardware building now stands. The Library was next door, and south of that was the Union Chapel.

My grandmother, Bess Clark, had hot rosettes and beach plum jelly waiting for me. As Gram, my mother and I sat at the kitchen table, the wind and rain increased. Salt and seaweed plastered the windows on all sides of the house, and the windows began to leak. It was said that those windows never leaked in one hundred years!

Gram and I mopped and mother worried about the weather vane on the chapel steeple, since the storm was so bad that she couldn't see it. (In our house we noted the wind direction every day, this was important to us.)

Just then, the solid old front door blew open. It took three of us to close it and turn the key in the old brass lock. Again it blew open. Gram searched for some tools, and eventually we managed to nail the door shut. We then knew for certain that the wind was definitely southeast.

Suddenly the rain stopped. The sun came out. Gram put the coffee pot on, but my

mother had to investigate the weather vane. I reluctantly followed her to the chapel next door. The steeple had blown off and buried the weather vane in the soft ground. We later learned that this was the eye of the hurricane passing over.

Just as we returned home, the sky blackened and the rain and wind increased. Gram had poured the coffee when we heard a pounding on the door. It was cousin Gen (Mrs. Clifford Raynor) who lived further south on Library Avenue. She called "Come quick! The ocean is coming! Get in the car!"

Gram became obstinate. She had no intention of leaving her home, her three-colored cat or her mother's silver tray. I pushed her ahead of me to the car while she clutched the tray. She balked again before the open door.

And then I saw it. A solid, square, gray wall of water about thirteen feet high, slowly but steadily devouring the dividing line between sky and grass at the library, about fifty feet south of the car . . . no curling wave, just a wall. I stood at the car door and watched only the line which appeared stationary. It was hypnotic. I often had told friends of my recurring dream, "that dream," I called it, where in the dream, I ran slowly up Beach Lane, the ocean behind me. It now sounds too preposterous to be true, however it needs to go into this personal account.

Slowly, or so I thought, I pushed Gram into the car, but with such force, that she hit her head on the opposite side. Cousin Gen sped us up to the hangar at the Westhampton Beach Airport, on Riverhead Road. Gram, Mother, the silver tray and I joined others sitting on the floor, heads against the wall. I think there were only a few people there. It was very quiet. I don't remember any conversation. I do recall picturing the map of Long Island in my mind, and thinking, "It's so small, so flat, so narrow. Of course, the ocean will reclaim it one day. It just happens to be in our time. It will be no different from being rolled under a wave, it just takes a little longer."

Before the night was over, somebody picked us up and delivered us to the home of Gram's cousins, George and Mame Burns, on Osborne Avenue in Riverhead. The next morning, the sun was shining brightly as Mother and I returned home.

We found a forty foot boat from Yacht Basin docked against our kitchen windows, alongside the propane gas tanks. The untouched coffee cups were still on the kitchen table. The ocean had washed in about twelve inches above the floor of the house, and everything smelled terrible. The dining room floor had buckled, but the cat was safely upstairs. We felt very fortunate.

We went right up to Main Street to see what had happened, as did everybody else in the village who was able. Our village was a shambles. There was little conversation. It was very quiet. In those days, everyone, summer and winter residents, knew each other. We were a very close-knit community. I remember Dr. James Ewing saying to my mother, "Toni, this town is in shock!"

Our house was one of the few on Library Avenue left on its foundation. Men were at the foot of our street, clearing away the wreckage of Raynor's Garage, searching for bodies from the dunes, and removing them to the temporary morgue at the Country Club. This took days, and the weather had turned very hot.

Several days passed before we could communicate with my father, Jeremiah Ferguson. He was up in Western Nassau County, and couldn't get in touch with us. In turn, we couldn't get in touch with them. The newspapers and communications personnel had reported that Westhampton Beach had been washed right off the map. When he and

other family members finally got through to the headquarters set up in the Patio Building, they only learned that our names had yet appeared on the list of missing persons.

The following days were spent carting water, sandwiches, and disinfectant to our house, Police Headquarters, the National Guard, and the Red Cross. It all became a blur of mud, dripping carpets, the smell of mildew. We couldn't believe that the ocean had done this to us, but we just kept moving, most of the time firm in the knowledge that Westhampton Beach would again appear on the map, even though it might take twenty years for that to happen!

FOREIGN OPERATIONS, EXPORT FINANCING, AND RELATED PROGRAMS APPROPRIATIONS ACT, 1999

SPEECH OF

HON. JIM KOLBE

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, September 17, 1998

The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union had under consideration the bill (H.R. 4569) making appropriations for foreign operations, export financing, and related programs for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1999, and for other purposes:

Mr. KOLBE. Mr. Chairman, I rise in opposition to this amendment, I appreciate the motives of the proponents of this amendment which would eliminate funding for the U.S. Army School of the Americas (SOA). But I disagree with their assessment of the school and its graduates. The closure of the SOA would be detrimental to our relationship with Latin American countries, and could hinder progress in human rights efforts in those countries.

The School of the Americas was established as part of President John F. Kennedy's Alliance for Progress. It was created from the existing U.S. Army Caribbean Training Center in Panama. In 1984, the SOA was moved from Panama to Fort Benning, Georgia. The purpose of the SOA is to provide guidance to Latin American military personnel so they can respond to drug trafficking, natural disasters, and human rights challenges in their countries. The SOA emphasizes the role of a professional military force in a democratic society. I support these objectives, as democratically elected civilian governments of Latin America support them.

Each year, soldiers from Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Columbia, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela and the United States attend the SOA. No other school in the world with such a small operations budget brings together future civilian and military leaders of 16 countries in a purposeful effort to prepare for the future, strengthen alliance within a hemispheric region, to reinforce the principles of democracy, and increase mutual understanding and cooperation among neighboring countries.

The SOA has a very difficult task. It is charged with teaching students from countries with long histories of dictatorships and abuse, the value of promoting human rights. The curriculum is structured so that each student re-

ceives, on average, 30 minutes of human rights training and/or exposure every day. Of course, it is impossible to qualify the number of abuses that the SOA's human rights training has prevented. Consequently, the debate often turns to a finger-pointing game of highlighting the infrequent, but certainly reprehensible, lapses of judgement by a few SOA graduates.

Those who want to see the School close its doors focus their criticism on a few short passages (some less than a sentence in length) from three U.S. Army Intelligence training manuals provided to students in a few SOA classes in the 1980's. Most important is the fact that it has never been established that any of these passages were actually used or taught in a classroom at the School, nor was the "manual" developed by the SOA. Furthermore, not a single human rights violation can be reasonably linked or attributed to the School or its training manuals.

Yes, some 100 of the 60,000 graduates have been guilty of documented human rights abuses. But let's not forget about the other 59,900 graduates. Over 100 of these SOA graduates served or currently serve their nation and its people from the very highest levels of civilian and military office—from chief executive to commander of major military units.

A fair and objective assessment of Latin American history over the last 50 years will demonstrate that the U.S. Army School of the Americas saves lives. For example, in the early 1980's, El Salvador was accused of about 2,000 human rights violations per month; in the latter part of the decade, that figure dropped to approximately 20 each month. Although SOA cannot take all the credit, almost 50 percent of El Salvadoran officers have graduated from the school since 1986.

Not even the most vehement opponent of the School can deny that the overwhelming majority of graduates honorably serve their countries as professional men and women. While failure do occur, I challenge any opponent to demonstrate any correlation between reported misconduct by individual SOA graduates and the professional education and training they received at the School.

If Congress were to close the SOA, it would negatively affect our ability to have a meaningful and cost-effective vehicle to promote democracy and human rights within the ranks of the Latin American military. The State Department, Pentagon, and participating Latin American governments all agree that the SOA program is the best approach to achieving important national security and foreign policy objectives.

If the program were abolished, training for Latin American military personnel would become unavailable or more expensive. Fewer officers and enlisted personnel would be exposed to U.S. training and democratic values. In my view, that is not the way to promote human rights abroad.

I urge my colleagues to vote "no" on this ill-advised amendment.

ATROCITIES IN KOSOVO

HON. CHRISTOPHER H. SMITH

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, September 18, 1998

Mr. SMITH of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, yesterday the Commission on Security and